

# From Miles and Ellie, by Don Zolidis

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## From Miles and Ellie

By Don Zolidis

ELLIE, 36

ILLYANA, 37

*(ILLYANA and ELLIE have just fought over an ex-boyfriend that ILLYANA may or may not have stolen twenty years ago.)*

ELLIE

If you weren't pregnant, I would've totally kicked your ass.

ILLYANA

Oh please. Do you know how much time I spend at the gym to look like this? You're lucky Dad stopped it. I would've Zumbaed and Tai Boed all over you.

ELLIE

You screwing your trainer too?

ILLYANA

Okay – first of all – the way I remember it, you were equally horrible to me growing up, so I don't know where this deep-seated rage comes from.

ELLIE

Equally horrible? *Equally* horrible? I didn't steal any of your boyfriends.

ILLYANA

I didn't steal any of your boyfriends, you idiot.

ELLIE

You admitted it. I went over there. I saw you.

ILLYANA

You are imagining things.

ELLIE

I saw you there.

ILLYANA

Where?

ELLIE

At Miles' house.

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ILLYANA

I have no idea where he lived. Why would I have done that?

ELLIE

Because you hated seeing me happy.

ILLYANA

Really? *I* hated seeing *you* happy?

ELLIE

Yes!

ILLYANA

*You're* the one who hates seeing *me* happy.

ELLIE

I admit that. I hate that you are happy.

ILLYANA

Why? Because of something from twenty years ago?

ELLIE

Yes!

ILLYANA

Who cares? Who cares? Seriously. It's ancient history. I am being completely honest with you: I don't remember that. I couldn't have told you what that guy looked like. I never slept with him. I have no idea why you think I did.

ELLIE

You slept with tons of guys.

ILLYANA

Oh god I had sex with like four guys in high school. That doesn't make me the Devil.

ELLIE

You did a lot more than four.

ILLYANA

No I really didn't. Okay? Do you remember their names? I do. There was Chuck, Kevin, um... Kevin's brother, and...

ELLIE

Miles.

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ILLYANA

No. Dave what's his face. The tall guy. That's it. I swear to God. And I have been nothing but nice to you for years.

ELLIE

Really?

ILLYANA

Yes! Why can't you grow up? I've grown up. You're acting like a teenager. I know you despise the fact that I'm happy and have a family, and yes, okay, I was flirting a little bit tonight, so what? You put two drinks in Mom and she'd be behaving the same way. You are just this pit of envy and miserableness – it's not my fault you broke up with Miles – I have no idea why you broke up – and it's not my fault you picked a terrible guy to get married to – I didn't do that either. You've invented this insane story that I stole your boyfriend to justify stupid choices on your part.

ELLIE

*I invented it?*

ILLYANA

Yes. Did you listen to him? Did you listen to what he just said when he left? He agreed with me. Is he lying too?

ELLIE

Yes, to make himself look better.

ILLYANA

Why? Who cares? Honestly – if I really did sleep with him, I'd tell you. It doesn't matter now, does it? Isn't it possible that you don't really remember what happened? I don't remember what happened in high school –

ELLIE

Cause you were high half the time.

ILLYANA

Maybe a little – but can you really tell me with absolute certainty that you remember what happened that night? Isn't it just a little bit hazy? Isn't it possible Miles and me are right and you're wrong? Is there a chance I'm telling the truth?

*(Pause.)*

ELLIE

I saw you.

ILLYANA

You think you saw me. Maybe you didn't. All right I'm done with this. You can be okay with me or not. I'm gonna go sing some more carols. I'm not missing Rudolph.

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*(She leaves.)*

*(to read the rest of this play, email me at [donzolidis@yahoo.com](mailto:donzolidis@yahoo.com))*